



SYNOPSIS.

Howard Jeffries, banker's son, under the evil influence of Robert Underwood, fellow-student at Yale, leads a life of dissipation, marries the daughter of a gambler who died in prison, and is disowned by his father. He is out of work and in desperate straits. Underwood, who had once been engaged to Howard's stepmother, Alicia, is apparently in prosperous circumstances. Taking advantage of his intimacy with Alicia, he becomes a sort of social highwayman. Discovering his true character, Alicia denies him the house. He sends her a note threatening suicide. Art desires for whom he acted as commissioner, demand an accounting. He cannot make good. Howard calls at his apartments in an intoxicated condition to request a loan of \$2,000 to enable him to take up a business proposition. Underwood tells him he is in debt up to his eyes. Howard drinks himself into a maudlin condition, and goes to sleep on a divan. A caller is announced and Underwood draws a screen around the drunken sleeper. Alicia enters. She demands a promise from Underwood that he will not take his life. He refuses unless she will renew her patronage. This she refuses, and takes her leave. Underwood kills himself. The report of the pistol awakens Howard. He finds Underwood dead. Realizing his predicament he attempts to flee and is met by Underwood's valet. Howard is turned over to the police. Capt. Clinton, notorious for his brutal treatment of prisoners, puts Howard through the third degree, and finally gets an alleged confession from the harassed man. Annie, Howard's wife, declares her belief in her husband's innocence, and says she will clear him. She calls on Jeffries, Sr. He refuses to help unless she will consent to a divorce. To save Howard she consents, but when she finds that the elder Jeffries does not intend to stand by his son, except financially, she seeks his help. Annie appeals to Judge Brewster, attorney for Jeffries, Sr., to take Howard's case. He declines.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

"Where are the women?" asked Annie, trying to keep down the lump that rose chokingly in her throat. "They're in a separate part of the prison," replied the keeper. "Isn't it dreadful?" she murmured. "Not at all," he exclaimed cheerfully. "These prisoners fare better in prison than they do outside. I wager some of them are sorry to leave." "But it's dreadful to be cooped up in those cells," she said. "Not so bad as it looks," he laughed. "They are allowed to come out in the corridor to exercise twice a day for an hour and there is a splendid shower bath they can take." "Where is my husband's cell?" she whispered, almost dreading to hear the reply. "There it is," he said, pointing to a door. "No. 456." Walking rapidly ahead of her and stopping at one of the cell doors, he rapped loudly on the iron grating and cried: "Jeffries, here's a lady come to see you. Wake up there!" A white, drawn face approached the grating. Annie sprang forward. "Howard!" she sobbed. "Is it you, Annie?" came a weak voice through the bars. "Can't I go in to him?" she asked pleadingly. The keeper shook his head. "No, m'm, you must talk through the bars, but I won't disturb you." He walked away and the husband and wife were left facing each other. The tears were streaming down Annie's cheeks. It was dreadful to be standing there so close and yet not be able to throw her arms around him. Her heart ached as she saw the distress in his wan, pale face. "Why didn't you come before?" he asked. "I could not. They wouldn't let me. Oh, Howard," she gasped. "What a dreadful thing this is! Tell me how you got into such a scrape!" He put his hand to his head as if it hurt him, and she noticed that his eyes looked queer. For a moment the agony of a terrible suspicion crossed her mind. Was it possible that in a moment of drunken recklessness he had shot Underwood? Quickly, almost breathlessly, she whispered to him: "Tell me quickly, is not true, is it? You did not kill Robert Underwood?" He shook his head. "No," he said. "Thank God for that!" she exclaimed. "But your confession—what does that mean?" "I do not know. They told me I did it. They insisted I did it. He was sure I did it. He told me he knew I did it. He showed me the pistol. He was so insistent that I thought he was right—that I had done it." In a deep whisper he added earnestly: "But you know I didn't, don't you?" "Who is he?" demanded Annie. "The police captain." "Oh, Capt. Clinton told you you did it?" Howard nodded. "Yes, he told me he knew I did it. He kept me standing there six hours, questioning and questioning until I was ready to drop. I tried to sit down; he made me stand up. I did not know what I was saying or doing. He told me I killed Robert Underwood. He showed me the pistol under the strong light. The reflection from the polished nickel flashed into my eyes, everything suddenly became a blank. A few moments later the corridor came in and Capt. Clinton told him I confessed. But it isn't true, An-

The THIRD DEGREE

By CHARLES KLEIN AND ARTHUR HORNBLow
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He Felt in Singularly Good Spirits.

nie. You know I am as innocent of that murder as you are." "Thank God, thank God!" exclaimed Annie. "I see it all now." Her tears were dried. Her brain was beginning to work rapidly. She already saw a possible line of defense. "I don't know how it all happened," went on Howard. "I don't know any more about it than you do. I left you to go to Underwood's apartment. On the way I foolishly took a drink. When I got there I took more whisky. Before I knew it I was drunk. While talking I fell asleep. Suddenly I heard a woman's voice." "Ah!" interrupted Annie. "You, too, heard a woman's voice. Capt. Clinton said there was a woman in it." Thoughtfully, as if to herself, she added: "We must find that woman." "When I woke up," continued Howard, "it was dark. Groaning around for the electric light, I stumbled over something. It was Underwood's dead body. How he came by his death I have not the slightest idea. I at once realized the dangerous position I was in and I tried to leave the apartment unobserved. Just as I was going, Underwood's man servant arrived and he handed me over to the police. That's the whole story. I've been here since yesterday and I'll be devilish glad to get out." "You will get out," she cried. "I'm doing everything possible to get you free. I've been trying to get the best lawyer in the country—Richard Brewster." "Richard Brewster!" exclaimed Howard. "He's my father's lawyer." "I saw your father yesterday afternoon," she said quietly. "You did?" he exclaimed, surprised. "Was he willing to receive you?" "He had to," she replied. "I gave him a piece of my mind." Howard looked at her in mingled amazement and admiration. That she should have dared to confront a man as proud and obstinate as his father astounded him. "What did he say?" he asked eagerly. "I asked him to come publicly to your support and to give you legal assistance. He refused, saying he could not be placed in a position of condoning such a crime and that your behavior and your marriage had made him wash his hands of you forever." Tears filled Howard's eyes and his mouth quivered. "Then my father believes me guilty of this horrible crime?" he exclaimed. "He insisted that you must be guilty, as you had confessed. He offered, though, to give you legal assistance, but only on one condition." "What was that condition?" he demanded. "That I consent to a divorce," replied Annie quietly. "What did you say?" "I said I'd consent to anything if it would help you, but when he told me that even then he would not come personally to your support I told him we would worry along without his assistance. On that I left him." "You're a brave little woman!" cried Howard. Noticing her pale, anxious face, he said: "You, too, must have suffered." "Oh, never mind me," she rejoined quickly. "What we must do now is to get you out of this horrid place and clear your name before the world. We

must show that your alleged confession is untrue; that it was dragged from you involuntarily. We must find that mysterious woman who came to Underwood's rooms while you lay on the couch asleep. Do you know what my theory is, Howard?" "What?" demanded her husband. "I believe you were hypnotized into making that confession. I've read of such things before. You know, the boys in college often hypnotized you. You told me they made you do all kinds of things against your will. That big brute, Capt. Clinton, simply forced his will on yours." "By Jove—I never thought of that!" he exclaimed. "I know my head ached terribly after he got through all that questioning. When he made me look at that pistol I couldn't resist any more. But how are we going to break through the net which the police have thrown around me?" "By getting the best lawyer we can procure. I shall insist on Judge Brewster taking the case. He declines, but I shall go to his office again this afternoon. He must—" Howard shook his head. "You'll not be able to get Brewster. He would never dare offend my father by taking up my case without his permission. He won't even see you." "We'll see," she said quietly. "He'll see me if I have to sit in his office all day for weeks. I have decided to have Judge Brewster defend you because I believe it would mean acquittal. He will build up a defense that will defeat all the lies that the police have concocted. The police have a strong case because of your alleged confession. It will take a strong lawyer to fight them." Earnestly she added: "Howard, if your life is to be saved we must get Judge Brewster." "All right, dear," he replied. "I can only leave it in your hands. I know that whatever you do will be for the best. I'll try to be as patient as I can. My only comfort is thinking of you, dear." A heavy step resounded in the corridor. The keeper came up. "Time's up, m'm," he said civilly. Annie thrust her hand through the bars; Howard carried it reverently to his lips. "Good-by, dear," she said. "Keep up your courage. You'll know that I am working for your release every moment. I won't leave a stone unturned." "Good-by, darling," he murmured. He looked at her longingly and there were tears in her eyes as she turned away. "I'll be back very soon," she said. A few minutes later they were in the elevator and she passed through the big steel gate once more into the sunlight street.

CHAPTER XIV.

Outwardly, at least, Judge Brewster's offices at 83 Broadway in no way differed from the offices of ten thousand other lawyers who strive to eke out a difficult living in the most overcrowded of all the professions. They consisted of a modest suite of rooms on the sixth floor. There was a small outer office with a railed-off enclosure, behind which sat a half dozen stenographers busy copying legal documents; as many men clerks were writing at desks, and the walls



were fitted with shelves filled with ponderous law books. In one corner was a room with glass door marked "Mr. Brewster, Private." "Assuredly no casual visitor could access from the appearance of the place that this was the headquarters of one of the most brilliant legal minds in the country, yet in this very office had been prepared some of the most sensational victories ever recorded in the law courts. Visitors to Judge Brewster's office were not many. A man of such renown was naturally expensive. Few could afford to retain his services, and in fact he was seldom called upon except to act in the interest of wealthy corporations. In these cases, of course, his fees were enormous. He had very few private clients; in fact, he declined much private practice that was offered to him. He had been the legal adviser of Howard Jeffries, Sr., for many years. The two men had known each other in their younger days and practically had won success together—the one in the banking business, the other in the service of the law. An important trust company, of which Mr. Jeffries was president, was constantly involved in all kinds of litigation of which Judge Brewster had exclusive charge. As the lawyer found, this highly remunerative, it was only natural that he had no desire to lose Mr. Jeffries as a client. Secluded in his private office, the judge was busy at his desk, finishing a letter. He folded it up, addressed an envelope, then lit a cigar and looked at the time. It was three o'clock. The day's work was about over and he smiled with satisfaction as he thought of the automobile ride in the park he would enjoy before dressing and going to his club for dinner. He felt in singularly good spirits that afternoon. He had just won the court's very complicated case which meant that a handsome addition to his bank account, but a signal triumph over his legal opponents. Certainly, fortune smiled on him. He had no other immediate cases on hand to worry about. He could look forward to a few weeks of absolute rest. He struck a bell on his desk and a clerk entered. Handing him the note he had just written, he said: "Have this sent at once by messenger." "Very well, judge," answered the clerk. "By the by," frowned the lawyer, "has that woman been in to-day?" "Yes—she sat in the outer office all morning, trying to see you. We said you were out of town, but she did not believe it. She sat there till she got tired. She had no idea that you went out by another stairway." "Humph," growled the lawyer; "a nice thing to be besieged in this manner. If she annoys me much longer, I shall send for the police." "At that moment another clerk entered the room. "What is it, Mr. Jones?" demanded the lawyer. "A lady to see you, judge," said the clerk, handing him a card. The lawyer glanced at the bit of pasteboard, and said immediately: "Oh, yes, show her in." The two clerks left the room and Judge Brewster, after a glance in the mirror to readjust his cravat, turned to greet his visitor. The door opened and Alicia entered. She was faultlessly gowned, as usual, but her manner was hurried and agitated. Evidently something had happened to upset her, and she had come to make her husband's lawyer the confidant of her troubles. The judge advanced gallantly and pointed to a chair. "Good morning, my dear Mrs. Jeffries; how do you do?" "Is Mr. Jeffries here?" asked Alicia, hurriedly. "Not yet," he replied, smiling. "This is an unexpected pleasure. I think it is the first time you have graced my office with your presence." "How quiet it is here!" she exclaimed, looking around nervously. "It is hard to believe this is the very center of the city." Taking the seat offered to her, she went on: "Oh, judge, you are dreadfully worried."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Could Do Better. The picture was on the economies of nature had showed that her great destructive powers were used only to transform the elements into other channels. "To illustrate," said the professor, "there is in one of the Pacific islands a volcano which has for 16 years been pouring molten lava into the ocean over a precipice 400 feet high and eleven miles long. Eggs are boiled in the open sea 22 miles away." "My goodness!" cried a feminine voice in the audience, "what a big pan and what a waste of fire and water and fuss over a little plain cooking!"



Old Gentleman—And what's your name, my boy? Kid—Sech is fame! He don't recognize de 46-pound champion of the Tholteenth ward!

SCALP WAS BADLY AFFECTED

"I am more than gratified by the successful results I obtained by the use of the Cuticura Remedies. For several years my scalp was very badly affected with dandruff and scales. My scalp itched terribly at times and my hair fell out. My coat collar would be actually white with the dandruff that had fallen from my head. My profession being that of a barber, I was particular about having my hair in good condition, and was also in a position to try many lotions, etc., for the scalp. These had little or no effect. I had heard so much about the Cuticura Remedies that I resolved to try them. I shampooed my head with Cuticura Soap twice a week and after drying my head thoroughly, I anointed parts of my scalp with Cuticura Ointment. I was pleased from the outset, and continued to keep up this treatment. To think that only three cakes of Cuticura Soap and one and one-half boxes of Cuticura Ointment rid my head of this annoying trouble made me feel quite contented. I have now got a thick growth of hair and I am never troubled with any dandruff or itching of the scalp. There is no question but that the Cuticura Remedies cured me. I frequently recommend them to my customers, and they think a great deal of them." (Signed) John F. Williams, 307 Norfolk Street, Dorchester, Boston, Mass., July 28, 1910.

A Classic Note. "Archimedes," read the pupil, "leaped from his bath, shouting, 'Eureka! Eureka!'" "One moment, James," the teacher said. "What is the meaning of 'Eureka'?" "Eureka means 'I have found it.'" "Very well. What had Archimedes found?" James hesitates a moment, then ventures hopefully: "The soap, mum."—Christian Intelligence.

On the Level. "Do you assimilate your food, suutty?" "No, I doesn't sah. I buys it open an' honest, sah."—Woman's National Daily.

If a dose of Hamlin's Wizard Oil taken at night will prevent your having a bad cold in the morning, isn't it a good idea to have it ready to take the moment you feel the cold coming?

The sunset of your life will not be beautiful unless your home life was pleasant during your day of work.—Colonel Hunter.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

He that is not sensible of another's happiness is a living stone.—Beaumont.

Now He Doesn't Believe It. A Cleveland man was reading some jokes about how the English weren't so slow as they are supposed to be to get a joke. He believed it, too. So he tried his theory on a British guest of his.

"Did you ever hear Mark Twain's joke about how the report of his death had been greatly exaggerated?" he asked.

"No," answered the Englishman eagerly, "but I'll wager it was good. What was it?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Fairly Won. "Who gave ye th' black eye, Jim?" "Nobody gave it t' me. I had t' fight fer it."—Life.

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